

The Theaters—By Percy Hammond

Mr. Pollock's "The Fool" Is a Fine Experiment in Serious Amphitheatricals; Also a Good Show

James Kirkwood



He has temporarily deserted the screen to play the title role in "The Fool," Channing Pollock's play, which the Selwyns are presenting at the Times Square Theater.

Grace La Rue



In "The Music Box Revue"

CHANNING POLLOCK seems to have found the right way to compose a serious drama. Eager to transmit some serious messages to those who need them, he puts his weighty matters in a rousing though dignified hippodrome, with the result that his new play, "The Fool," is a salable compound of broad and the circus.

Much, today may be addressed to "The Fool" and its performance last night at the Times Square. It is a courageous utterance of Mr. Pollock's pent-up indignation against economic injustice, and hypocrisy in the Christian Church. It is shrewd, cunning, honest and full of devices. It is a good show. It is out of Sardou by Galsworthy. It contains mobs, miracles, romance, intrigue and considerable more or less deep thinking. It is serious, humorous, sweet, acrid, reticent and roared. It is amphitheatrical. And it teaches us that, in this drama at least, a man may do and live as Christ did and still be happy in the last act.

Perhaps it is ungracious to emphasize in a report of "The Fool" a Pollock thrill of two, rather than the Pollock expounding of noble ideas. Yet it is a habit so to do, for which Mr. Pollock's past is to blame. In the first act, for instance, the young rector, laying off his rich parishioners, is ejected from his pulpit and jilted by his lady-love. As he stands disconsolate and alone in the dim church (it is Christmas Eve, by the way), a Person appears and addresses him. This visitor, who is not at all supernatural, counsels him to pursue his sacred duty and to live as Christ lived. "In God's name," exclaims the unhappy rector, "who are you?" And the Person answers, as he goes out the door, "I am a Jew!"

After we have heard eloquent explication by coal miners of Money's inhumanity to those who earn it, and scandal has seared the preacher's blameless character, the scene changes to the settlement wherein he strives to aid the unfortunate. Into this sanctuary comes a riot, led by a wild coal digger (excellently done by Rollo Lloyd), who accuses the pastor of seducing his pretty wife. The curses and violence of Calvary are heard, and the victim is charged by his persecutors with saying that he is the Son of God. During the tumult a little crippled girl, who has been ministering to the clergyman, kneels in a conspicuous corner and

prays aloud. "Give us a sign!" the mob cries derisively. "Give us a sign that you are God's Son!" Whereupon the crippled waif, discarding her crutches, arises and walks. The preacher, beaten down and wounded, lies with his head in the lap of a scarlet woman, and the rioters, hushed and awed, kneel as the curtain falls.

You have seldom heard more excited applause than that which followed this artful phenomenon last evening at the Times Square, and much of the credit for the demonstration belonged to Miss Sara Sothorn, the young woman whose

earnest playing of the lame child was flawless of its kind. There is no time to report Lowell Sherman's good and venomous impersonation of the mine owner's evil son, nor that of the mine owner by Henry Stephenson. But of James Kirkwood, as the Fool, it must hurriedly be said that he had the "visage sweet and comely," essential to the role, and that he managed a difficult portrayal without being sanctimonious or smug. "A God-Almighty's gentleman," as Dr. Johnson called, muscular and clear-eyed, and capably differentiating between a fool and an ass, as he applied remote ideas to conditions of to-day. We noticed last evening that in the ovation after the second act it was the actors of the capitalistic class who took the curtain calls, while the players who had impersonated the workmen remained invisible, though they had done much the more difficult and successful acting. They were Geoffrey Stein, Frederick Vogeding and Rollo Lloyd.

New "Music Box" Show A Showmanship Triumph

Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue," presented by Sam H. Harris at the Music Box with the following cast of principals: Grace La Rue, Charlotte Greenwood, John Steel, Clark and McCullough, William Robinson, Robert Stewart, Ruth Page, Helen Rich, Amelia Allen, Olivette McCarthy, Margaret McLaughlin, Dorothy, Eva Sobel, Margaret McLaughlin, Benck and a number of persons of minor importance.

For a large section of the American public the only question that need be answered here touching the second epiphany of Irving Berlin and Hazzard Short at the Music Box may be framed as follows: "Is the new 'Music Box Revue' as good as the first?" And he answered: "It is."

From the remotest seats in the gallery came outcries of approval, and even the more expensive \$11 latitude, where sat the somber Raymond Hitchcock and others hard to please, were waked to ecstasy.

Hazzard Short sets his pictures in a lavish frame, and Sam Harris as a leading mace of the theatre, stands for an expensive bill of freight. Even the curtain is a brocade of rhinestones which spars the lights and shower them rightly tinted in the auditorium. In pictorial conception and in fashion of figure and dance and hue the new revue is even superior to its recently departed predecessor. The level of comedy is maintained. Perhaps only in the item of the man in the moon, falling off. Not that there lacked persuasive sound, but from the refreshing fountains of harmony gushed no such amorous melody as "Say It With Music." Yet no accusing spirit will fly up to heaven and ask the Recording Angel to set that down against Irving Berlin.

Your Music Box catalogue will specify twenty-four numbers, only a few of which can be enumerated here. Grace La Rue gives voice and charming figure to some half dozen of the more stately diversissements. And lanky Charlotte Greenwood weaves her long members through mirth-moving accompaniment to songs about her gifted legs. Furthermore, there is a tinsel endeavor by John Steel, the tenor. Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough, reared in the foolish lap of burlesque, handle a deal of the comedy, and they foiled it exceedingly well. Their best hit is a travesty called "The Lady in Red," a sketch from the Lambs' private gambol, built on the shortcoming of the stage property man. The Fairbanks Twins, Margaret and Dorothy, twinkled in a variety of dances, assisted by the Rath brothers and William Robinson.

None of the numbers is thrown at you. For each there is a process of building up an appropriate climate and surroundings. For instance, Mr. Berlin and Mr. Short were not alone in their living lyrics, including "A Tapestry After Fragonard," "Jade," "The Harpsichord," "The Wrestlers," and "Chinese Porcelain." These pictures were conceived and presented as objects of art in an auction sale, the auctioneer making harmonious patter to urge purchase. Then, again, Mr.

John Steel is to sing about "Lady of the Evening." So Messrs. Berlin and Short build a twilight scene called "The House Tops" lighting up the stars. There is a great deal done in a new way, with the aid of marvelous mechanisms, elevators and stage traps. Of course music and color are never placed upon oath and since you are pleased with what you see that's all that counts.—B. F.

On the Screen

By Harriette Underhill

The same man who made "Hail the Woman" made "Skin Deep," the feature at the Strand this week, and what we should like to know is why does he make do pictures like this? From beginning to end it is fascinating, for "Skin Deep" goes under the skin and, for all it is a melodrama, the characters are very real human beings. The story holds the interest every moment, the titles are all that titles should be, the picture does not preach and the cast is excellent.

Just before we went into the theater some one asked us who was playing the lead and we couldn't remember, although we had written enough about it in advance. But when Bud Doyle's face was flashed on the screen we wanted to exclaim: "Ah, ha, we know you, Milton Sills, in spite of the nose putty and the windshield ears and the chip-munk cheeks." No one in the story, however, was as clever as we, for not even Sadie Doyle recognized him, for he was his own wife, or, at least, she was his life.

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